THROW HER IN THE SLAMMER, as she put it, demonstrating her grassroots knowledge of SLANG, she was confident it could never happen to her....

Because....

She was....

P/Bigge Shitte.

She WANTED it!

*****

Inescapable black bastions....

Or were they?

If Johnny couldn't escape them in reality, he would GET RID OF REALITY....

The residents of Thing Street were really inmates of a stupendous open-air Virtual Asylum....

It was more than their right, it was their DUTY to be delusional, to put on a really BIG SHOW with plenty of straw and, above all, FECES.

The THING STREET BETTER BUSINESS IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION demanded it; otherwise, gangs of slumming matrons from New Berlin got bored, came down to Thing Street, and spoiled the TRADE by boycotting the Thing Stores and cut-rate job-ends and only wanting to FUCK....

The other reason was LOONIES like JOHNNY....

The tourists enjoyed triggering his PSYCHOSES....

They offered him only twice what his shit was worth.... He wanted at least ten or twenty times that much.... More and more and more....

In the BAD OLD DAYS, before that fake Tuke came along with moral therapy, he would have daubed the walls of his cell with his own and other things' crap, drunk piss, emptied the dregs of his chamber-pot in their faces, etc....

That Grand Ole Nestor of Dadanian Alienists Head Shrink Doc Joseph Workman's Provincial Lunatic Bin was ugly enough....